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JNO. P. BARKETT & Co., Publishers,

Cymbeline and the Quarrelers.

Cymbeline, the King, and his Queen Went with a lordly train to ride, To see the land in its summer pride, And what besides there was to be seen. Prancing along with laugh and song

They found a quarrel of man and wife;
And these when asked for the cause of strife
Each on the other cast the wrong.

Each one said, "That ever I wed-Wed with a creature so forward and ill."
Spake the King with a right good will,"
"Let them both to the palace be led!"

That same night, when lamps were bright Over the lords and ladies there, Cymbeline said with his kingly air, "Bring the two we found at fight!"

Mute with shame the culprits came, And each was set to stand alone out before the royal throne, While Cymbeline spoke to both by name,

Saying, "As wide as side from side
Of the beaven above us I et you twain;
Each is free to marry agai:—
Choose from the court a bridegroom and bride

Each in guise of blank surprise Looked around on the circle there, Lords so fine and ladies so fair— Ended in the other's eyes.

"Choose!" cried the King: "by my signet ring
I promise to wed you with your choice!"
They scarcely heard the royal voice,
So passing wonderful seemed the thing. Round she gazed, her vision dazed

With splendors of manly form and face; He beheld the womanly grace Deckt in jewels that melted and blazed. Then the scene and all between Their tender wooing vanished away: There came a waft of their marriage day, And all the sweetness that had been.

She was there, that maiden fair,
As first he saw her when times were glad,
And he was there, that blooming lad,
As he first went by with his jain'y air. Then the thoughts of their babes was brought

Into each other's arms they sprang! Long and loud the rafters rang, And noble eyes with tears were fraught. "You choose the best, and leave the rest!" "I promise to wed you with your choice, And each has chosen the way I guessed!"

MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE, THE MYSTERY," "THE BARL'S HEIRS," "THE CHANNISGS, "A LICE'S SECRET," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

misfortune in a psenniary point of view. — out for it in secret more yearningly than With her son's death a considerable portion of her income passed from her; her or than any, save one. For, if her anxment, could not endure the sight of her; it was thought to be the Rushing

"Is it just?" returned Maria, in a passionate tone of appeal. "When I saw him to the door of the college, how could I inagine that he pretended to go in only to blind me—that he would disobediently the crew news of the Rushing Water, but

emancipate myself." "I cannot lead this life. It makes me so wretched that I sometimes begin to doubt whether I am not really guilty. I will go away rather than bear it."

She cast at him a rapid glance. The hour was come that she had expected; sometimes doubted, if she had not dread- little hope now."
"I heard the Rushing Water had come i

"You cannot be ignorant of my intentions," he resumed, or why I have staved in a faltering tone.

here in this place, which I hate. You "So did I. But it proves to be the here in this place, which I hate. You most know that I love you passionately;

far more passionately than he did, Maria." "Than who did?" she exclaimed, with a rush of conscious color. "Janeon. As if you did not know

"Why do you tring up Janson?" she "Maria, you will be my wife? Do not impetuously added. "I have

"I cannot live without you. I love you too passionately for my own peace. You must be mine, Maria. It was your fath-think

What was she to answer? She did not know. A conflict was at work within her. She liked Mr. Yorke, but-she loved Edward Janson. Edward Janson, however, days were passed in striving to forget him. things. What, to h With Mr. Yorke she should go back to the Rushing Water.

the dear old home at Saxonbury. "This

during the suspense, I shall neither eat ever. nor sleep; I shall have neither peace nor

"A dream of love!" she bitterly repeated, as he left her. "For him, perhaps:

She remained in her room until evening,

"I am not worth consulting now," was the querulous answer. "My spirits are Harry as dead."
gone, my heart is broken."
"Yes, yes.

Yorke wants me to marry him." "Mr. Yorke!" returned her step-mother, somewhat aroused. "Has he asked you?" "Yes; to day.

"Then you are more lucky than you de-

"Reject him!" fiercely interposed Lady

puzzles me at times." What puzzles you?"

"His words, I don't understand them. And the expression of his countenance."

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JANUARY 27, 1875. VOL. 1.

nologist—or whatever they call the char-latans who pretend to read faces?" sarcas

tically retoried Lady Saxonbury.

"Mamma, listen. If I do accept him, it will be because I am unhappy with

"Pray, why should there be an 'if' in the matter at all? Why should you hesitate, or think of rejecting him. "Because I do not love him," answered Maria, in a low tone. "I like Mr. Yorke, but it requires more than liking to marry

a man: or ought to require it.' "Oh, if you are going to run on about romance and sentiment, I do not understand it, returned Lady Saxonbury. never did more than 'like' my two husbands, yet I was happy with them. My love was wasted on somebody else; when I was almost a child."

"Was it?" cried Maria, eagerly.
"It was. It was over and done with before I married, and I did not make the less good wife. It is so with ninety-nine women out of every hundred; and rely upon it, their wedded lives are all the happier for their early romance being over -Romance and reality do not work well together, Maria. You are inexperienced,

Maria was beginning to think so. "I give you my advice, Maria, and I give it for your happiness. Marry Mr. Yorke, and be thankful. Reject him, and pass your after-life in repining, in self-reproach at your own folly."

Mr. Yorke received the answer he wished for. They were to be married in England, in Autumn, but preparations were at once commenced. It was only to be expected that Lady Saxonbury would now go home immediately, but she declin-ed to do so. In spite of the somewhat cynical remonstrances of Mr. Yorke, she flatly refused. She would go home for the wedding in September, she said, and she would not go before. Perhaps some vague hope of recovering, even yet, the body of the child from the canal, chained her to the place. So Mr. Yorke remained on perforce in the despised town, feeling that he and they were alike out of place in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN OF THE "RUSHING WATER."

August came in, and the fishing-boats to return from Iceland, laden with their spoil: by ones, by twos, by threes, by little flects of them. At length all were in, save two, the Belle Helene and the Rushing Water. These two delayed much, and a report got about, nobody It was a terrible misfortune. Apart from Lady Saxonbury's almost insane grief for the child himself it was a great for the child himself it was a great for the child himself.

resources as the widow of Sir Arthur Saxonbury not being large. Just enough was
left her to starve upon, she grouned, taking an exaggerated view of things, as she
was apt to do. Her grief was, indeed, pitsable. She persisted in attributing all
squally bargaining with the fish vender, the blame of the boy's death to Maria .- news flew about the market that one and a system of unkind treat. of the two missing boats was signalle and when she did see her, it was only to break out into sobs and harsh reproaches. Dashing the disputed fish back on the woman's board, away went Therese to "I should not bear it," observed Mr. her mistress, and without circumlecution announced that the Rushing Water was

run to the causal the moment I was out of they had not seen her on their passage home. Yet the Rushing Water had be-

sight? Is it just of Lady Saxonbury." home. Yet the Rushing Water had be "No. Very unjust. I say I should one of the first boats to leave Iceland. Disheartening news. As Mrs. Janso

went back again, with a heavy step, she encountered Miss Saxonbury. "Young lady, go home and pray," she said in her abrupt stern manner; 'Let me emancipate you, Maria," said that you may not have caused his deat as well as his misery. Stay upon your knees until heaven shall be pleased to hear you, as I am going to do. There is

this morning," answered Miss Saxonbury,

Helene. And the Rushing Water left Iceland days before her." She passed on with her pale severe face, and Maria Saxonbury continued her way. The days went on, five or six of them Lady and Miss Saxonbury were sitting

in the twilight, the latter expecting Mr Yorke, whom she was trying with all her might and main to like better, as a dutis vorn that if you are not mine you shall fut bride-elect should, when one of their never be another's." man was asking to see her. "Me! To see me?" returned Maria.

"A gentleman-sailor, mademoiselle. it is Mr. Janson. He says will you allow him a minutes conversat "O mamma!" she uttered, "Mr. Janson Then the Rushing Water must be safe

she could never hope to marry, and her reply. Her thoughts were buried in other What, to her, was the safety of

Maria passed through the ante-room "Give me until to-morrow, and you shall and entered the one where he had been shown. He was in sailor's attire, his glazed hat carelessly thrown off, looking, has come upon me suddenly."

"Very well. Remember, Maria, that or Maria fancied so, handsomer than

"Then you are in safety!" she exclaim rest. Be my wife, and your days shall be ed, grasping his hand in her agitated thankfulness, perhaps for his mother's sake, but forgetful, at the moment, of Mr. Yorke, of the whole world. "We have been counting you as amongst the

She remained in ner room until even she communing with herself, and then she communing with herself, and then she perilous, unlucky altogether, save that we have ultimately arrived. Miss Saxon-we have been mourning bury, I hear you have been mourning "Yes, yes. Oh yest"

"He sale. He has been with us." She did not scream, she suppressed it. Then she thought that he must be dream

ing, or that she was.
"He got in some trouble, fell into the water, and was afraid to go home," pro-"I do not know whether to accept or re-ct him." credded Mr. Janson. "That mischievous imp, Paul, encountered him in his wet "Reject him!" fiercely interposed Lady Saxonbury. "You are out of your senses. With his fine fortune, his position, his foundation of the same sails and rope, and him up under some sails and rope, and foundation of the same not that somebody drew away from the door, and stood bolt upright, in plight, persuaded him into making the captain to put back, but he laughed at room, while he passed out-somebody me; so he had to go with us, and I have taken care of him. Paul says Harry bribed him with a five-franc piece; three Yorke was of a dishonorable nature, or

"Had you not better set up for a phre- franca for himself, and two to give to a had dishonorably set himself to listen where he had gone." "No messenger came to us," eagerly in-

"As I find. When I landed an hour ago, I heard that the boy had been mourned as dead. So I came on at once, after calling upon my mother. I should not have presumed to ask for you," he pointedly added, "but that I assumed it night be better to acquaint you first with he news, ere it was broken to Lady Sax-

"Oh! how shall we ever thank you?" said Maria, attributing all the good to Mr. Janson, in her confused feelings of joy. "Where is Harry?"
"Waiting just inside the cafe at the

nade a lion of." Maria went into the drawing-room, which was almost dark then, and knelt down beside Lady Saxonbury's chair. "Mamma! mamma! I have some joyful

next door, until I send for him, and being

ews for you. You will not faint if I tell "What news will ever be joyful to me

you, that you kneel in that manner? How you tremble!" "Mamma—suppose I have news to tell you about Harry? That he is found?" "Ieit? is it?" excitedly said Lady Saxon-

again, Maria? What is the matter with

bury. It! She was thinking of the dead Harry; not the living.
"Not 'it,' mamma. He. Could you bear for me to tell you that he is in life-

"Maria, what do you mean?" faintly asked Lady Saxonbury.
"He is, he is. Dearest Lady Saxonbury, he has been out with Mr. Janson in the Rushing Water."
She did not continue. For the door has

opened, and a happy lad stood peeping in, in a nondescript attire, composed partly of his own things, partly of Paul's. He was browned with the sea air, taller than before, and his fair carls were wildly entan-gled. With a cry he flew into his mothers arms, and she sobbed upon his neck and kissed his pretty face and his untidy hair, and strained him to her as if she

could never let him go sgain. "Lady Saxonbury will you forgive my saying that I think you will find him a ore dutiful boy than he used to be? said Mr. Janson, who had followed him. "He has had to rough it, and he now knows the value of a happy home and a mother's love. I have taken upon myself to discipline him; I have kept him away from the sailors, so far as was practicable, and read him lessons on his faults, and I believe you will find him changed for the better

"Oh yes, indeed, mamma," sobbed the lad, "I know how naughty I was, and I will try and never grieve you and Maria

"Mr. Janson," cried the mother, rising and speaking in impassioned tones, "how can I reward you for the joy that you have brought me this night? If you asked me for my life in repayment, I almost think it should be yours."

She left the room as she spoke, too followed her. Miss Saxonbury was lost n thought.

day, that Harry was saved," she said in a musing tone. "He persisted in declaring musing tone. "He persisted in declaring that he saw Harry after he scrambled out of the water."

"And now that my task is done, I have only to take my leave," observed Mr. Janson, holding out his hand. "This house was an interdicted place to me before I left; I conclude that it is so still." Miss Saxonbury put her hand in his,

and burst into tears. He held it, and looked at her. "Maria, what do those tears mean? That you hate me as you did before?" "I never hated you," she answered forgetting prudence in her tumultuously

glad feelings! "It was the contrary am very miserable." "I went this voyage," he whispered "striving to forget, if not to hate you. I come from it, loving you more than ever, The child's being aboard was against my project; how, when I constantly saw him, could I forget you? My dearest, why should we separate?' he added, straining her hand to his heart. "Let it be between

us as it once was. Your mother has said she would give me a reward, even to her own, life; let me ask her to give me you." "It may not be," she gasped, struggling to release herself from him. "It"-"Not just yet can I marry," he interrupted. "I threw up the prospect opening to me in the spring, and the only po sition I could at present offer would

"Edward, pray bear me," she said, in broken voice, as she drew away from him. "You know not what you ask. I am

"To another!" "And in less than a month I shall be his wife," she continued, too agitated to weigh her words, "and I love you and not him. Do you wonder that I am mis-There-now that you have the

avowal, let us part forever."
"Who is this? Mr. Yorke?" "Mr. Yorke." There was a gloomy pause. "Must you

fulfill the contract? Can you not give him up for me?" She shook her head. "I can only be plain with you. I am not fit to be a poor man's wife. No, I have deliberate y entered upon it, and matters have been dvanced too far to be broken off now. Forgive me, Edward-forgive me all We must forget each other. "O Maria! must this indeed be the end

"Yes," she answered, the tears raining from her eyes, and her heart aching with pain. "I wish it had been different, but ircumstances are against us. Farewell. Edward; if ever we meet again, it must be as strangers. "Not so," she hastily added, as he drew her face to his for a last embrace, "it is not right to him. Do you not hear me say that in a little space I shall be his wife.

"For the last time," he murmured; and she made but faint resistance. ought not to grudge it to us. Now-

messenger to take word to his mother He had caught somewhat of the scene as he was entering from the ante-room and surprise, doubt, and rage had chained him there to the end. He followed Mr. Janson from the house, and strode about the old streets of the town till morning, now standing under its high and ancient tower, as it sent forth its sweet chimes on the night air, now pacing under the portico of the church, now slouching round the railings of the famous statue in the Place, the town's pride; and now striding off to the port, to surprise the sentinels. But he buried his wrongs

with him-very great wrongs indeed they appeared to be to his heated brain-and told them not. Little did Miss Saxonbury think, on the Little did Miss Saxonbury think, on the day of her wedding that, when she gave her band without her heart, that the bridegroom, kneeling by her side, knew just as well as she did that she had no heart to give. At the best it was an inauspicious beginning of life. She felt that it was. She felt too, that should her future extenses him somewhat of patrices. ture existence bring somewhat of retribu-tion, she had only invoked it on herself: as Mrs. Janson had almost pre-licted that night, outside the little chapel, when she had been praying for the saftety of the Rushing Water.

[Continued next week.]

Raffle for a Beautiful Young Lady. One of the most povel as well as exciting raffles that ever took place in Sey-mour came off on Saturday evening last. Miss Minnie Clarence made the movel proposition of putting herself up to be raffled off at fifty cents a chance. At irst the matter was treated as a joke, but when it became known that the offer was a bona fide one chances went rapidly, and in less than one hour every chance was taken, and heavy premiums were paid by young men anxious to win the beautiful and lovely prize.

Miss Minnie is a most bewitching beauty of eighteen summers, an orphan, of respectable parentage, and a member of the best society of the State. She was decidedly the belle of Seymour, and was loved and admired by all whoever became acquainted with her, and probably envied just the least bit by the young ladies. She is a bright blonde, perfect in form, fair complexion, and has most ravishingly beautiful eyes. Ever since she came to Seymour she has been the center of attraction and the admiration of the men. In justice to Miss Minnie, we should state that she gave the winner the privilege o accepting or refusing her, and reserved the same privilege for herself. There may have been several in the crowd she would have refused, but there were none, we venture to say, who would have re-fused her. How could they?

The hour set for the raffle came and foundall ready to try their luck. Miss Minnie was there in person, dressed in the height of fashion, to lend a charm to the scene. She stood leaning gracefully against a show-cash, never speaking a word nor betraying the least emotion, or showing tae slightest preference for any

Name after name was called and each one in turn would shake the box with nervous hand until all but three had thrown and nothing higher than thirtyeight had been thrown. Then came ynn Folkcorner's turn. Lynn londe himself and a clever, hard-working young man, and perhaps the twinkle of her eyes nerved him to the work. At any rate he tossed the ivory with steady hand and the scorer called for forty-six. The other two throws were made amid too much excitement to be counted and the prize was awarded to Lynn. Minnie came forward and took Lynn's arm and the two went out together amid the cheers of the crowd. She accompanied him to his father's hotel, where she was presented to his relatives, who had not the pleas ure of her acquaintance before, which she was escorted home. course do not know, certain, but as Lynn is a good, clever young man, and she would be an honor to any household, we are inclined to think neither of them will back out -[Seymour (Ind.) Star.

A Runaway Mountain.

Although landed propery is, as a rule, a coveted possession, yet, like many other blessings, it has its drawbacks, and a ingular example of the troubles to which land-owners are occasionally liable has just occurred at Hagsgate, in the Cleveand district, where an estate has actual-y absconded and has been discovered on be moved back again at no slight expenditure of money and trouble.

The property that has thus played truant consists of a mountain belonging to

Lord Faversham, which having been honeycombed by mines and otherwise disrespectfully treated, has at last vented ts annoyance and cut matters short by running, or rather slipping, away. In-stead, however; of betaking itself to some secluded spot where its presence would be welcome, or where at least there is ac-commodation for it, it has most inconvenently deposited itself on the neighboring property of Lord de L'Isle, where it has blocked up a turnpike road for nearly half a mile, and excited considerable alarm in the bosoms of the rate-payers of the township, who urge that its owner is rensible for its vagaries, and bound, it not to take it home, at all events to find it another lodging. This inconsiderate act on the part of the mountain has already given rise to legal proceedings, and a law-suit is coming on at the next York assizes, when the mountain will no doubt prove profitable to lawyers if to no one else. One of the most painful features of the affair is that the great, unwildely thing arrives at its new home "in bits." Those who are displeased at its presence have not even the poor conolation of feeling that the worst is over, but are kept in a state of constant fidget by the apprehen-sion that there is more to come."-Pall

A man was seen coming out of a news paper office in Texas with one eve gouged out and his nose spread all over his face like a piece of raw beef, and one of his ears chawed off. To a policeman who in-terviewed him, he replied: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went ter see the man who writ

PASSING STRANGE.

A Man Who Loved His Mother-in-law Even Unto Elopement.

Highland (Ohio) News.

About three weeks ago our community was suddenly startled by the rumor that the wife of one of the most respectable farmers in this county, living about two miles southeast of the town-a woman who had previously borne a good character, and been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and who is the mother of three married daughters, had eloped with one of her son's-in-'aw the husband of her oldest daughter. So utterly depraved, unnatural and almost incredible did such conduct at first seem that many refused to believe it (ourself among the number,) until evidence too strong to be denied or doubted was produced, proving that the shocking steey was only too true. There was no doubt about it, and the guilty party were seen at Chilicothe after their disappearance from their homes they had deserted and left desolate, going eastward on the cars, as if would keep him till the midnight train. She was sorry he had to go, and enjoined him to take good care of himself. He flying from the vengeance of those whomthey had so cruelly wronged and betrayed.

But the injured husband and deserted wife had no thought of pursuit, and the woman and her guilty paramour kept on their journey till they reached Cumber-land, Maryland. There they were overtaken and found, a few days ago, by Hen-ry Rhodes, Esq , the well known lawyer of this place, who pursued them for the purpose of securing a claim of several hundred dollars, which he held against the young man. Mr. Rhodes succeeded by some means in frightening or persuad ing the fugitives to return to this place, and they arrived here on the noon train Monday. Soon after their arrival, Frank Newby, the absconding son-in-law, was arrested and arrainged before 'Squire which seemed to be indicative of some-thing in the wind. So he sauutered over toward the window, plunged his hands down into his pockets, and whistled soft-Doggett on a charge of attemptting to defraud his creditors. He was held to bail for examintion on Tuesday (to-day) at ten o'clock, his step-father, Mr. T. S. Patton, giving bonds for his appearance. The hearing of the case of Rhodes vs. him for a few moments, and finally broke the silence with the inquiry: "Did your Kansas City business prove satisfactory, my dear?"

Newby took place this morning (Tues-day.) before Esqure Doggett, at the Council Chambers, which was filled with spec-tators. Messrs. Sloane and Smith ap-peared as Newby's counsel, and moved his discharge on the ground that the plain-tiff's affidavit was defective, and did not sufficiently sustain the charges against Newby to make out a prima facie case and justify his arrest. After arguments by counsel on both sides, Charles H. Collins, Esq., and Mr. Rhodes himself appeared for the latter as plaintiff, the Justice over ruled the objections to the affidavit and

held that it was sufficient. Mr. Sloane then filed his exceptions to the decision, and demanded a jury trial for the defendant. The trial was set for Saturday next, at ten o'clock, before Esq.

Doggett. Newby's bearing was very different from what might have been expected of one in his disgraceful position. He did not seem of the contestants, excepting there was a perceptible twinkle in her eyes when some young and handsome "lovier" would shake the dice. to feel the least sense of shame or humilest concern in the proceedings. There was a general expression of surprise and disgust at his unseemly and unbecoming behavior, in view of all the circumstances, It remainst to be briefly told what be

came of Newby's infatuated companion in sin, Mrs. Martha M. Heistead, wife of Mr. Samuel Heistead, the well-known and universally respected farmer of this township. Various reports are in circu-lation, but the most reliable seems to be time he makes that kind of a railroad trip he will go round by way of the depot and wait for that internal old train if he has that her father, Mr. Dempsey Garrett, who is also one of the most respectable citi-zens of our township and county, has taken to stay out all night, her home, where she is now staying, and it is to be lioped, bitterly repenting of the terrible sin by which she has brought such overwhelming disgrace and shame not only upon herself, but upon all who have had the misfortune to be connected with her by ties of kindred and marriage care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling of Mr. Heistand, who is well known by neighbors to have been a kind and indulnightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair gent husband, and never to have given his unhappy wife the least excuse for her was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-hearts applied for a divorce on the with a gaze full of pity and thankfulness ground of adultery, and the case will come -pity for the customer's loss and thank-fulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a up at the term of court commencing next

Mrs. Heistand is said to be quite goodlooking, is about thirty-five years of age, and is the mother of four children—the youngest a daughter of about six yearsthe other daughters all married. Newby is about twenty-five years old, small, and of very homely appearance. He has been the top of another estate, where it has married about three years, and has two comfortably settled itself and will have to children. He will be remembered by many of our citizens as a clerk in the grocery store kept some years ago by Henry Turner at the corner of High and Walnut streets, now occupied by Mr.

We understand that Newby's wife has declared that she will have nothing more to do with him, under any circumstances -a determination for which she will be commended by all sensible people.

Old Ira Thornton was a very mean git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handman, and had difficulty sometimes in drawing his breath, because he begrudged the air necessary for that operation. One day the old fellow was at work upon the high beams of his barn, when he balance and fell heavily upon the floor, twenty feet below. He was taken up for dead, with a fractured skull, and carried into the house. All efforts to bring him to consciousness were unavailing, and the doctor was called. Finally the doctor, having trepanned him, turned and asked Mra Thornton for a silver dollar to put in where the piece of skull was wanting. At this remark Ira, who had been breath ing heavily, turned in the bed and groan-ed out: "Wouldn't a cent do as well?"

A New Haven man, worth \$300,000, has been piltering eggs, apples, etc., from deal-ers in that city, and though they have only reprimanded him as yet they say he must do so no more.

According to the Milwaukee News, a young lady asked a bookseller's clerk if he had "Festus." "No," was the answer, "but I'm afraid a boil is coming on the back of my neck."

One by one the roses fade. It is nov boldly denied that men who wear long hair are possessed of any more talent than ee who have it snipped close.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year...... Ten copies, one year..... Twenty copies, one year...

NO. 4.

"ON TIME."

Atchison Patriot.

hero consented, of course, though with some misgivings as to how he should ac-

count to his estimable lady for his ab-sence, or contrive to break through her

rule that he shall always be safe at home not later than nine o'clock.

Kansas City, which he informed his wife

gave her a good-bye kiss, and at night joined Tom, and had a glorious time at Pedro. Watching the hour, he arrived

nome about ten minutes after the mid-

night train from St. Louis was due at the depot. The partner of his bosom sympa-thized with him as he talked about the

tediousness of a night journey by rail with no acquaintances, and the artful Gammon chuckled pleasantly as he wit-

A day or two afterwards, Mr. Gammon came home to tea, and found Mrs. G. sit-

ting in the rocking chair, with the evening paper in her hand, and with rather a pe-

culiar expression of -countenance, which Gammon could not quite understand, but

ly to himself as he wondered what the deuce was up anyway. Mrs. G. watched

the time it was rightfully due at the depot.

He Knew What He Wanted.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

dear one by death.

He came into the office of a West End

ndertaker yesterday with a look of great

The manufacturer of burial cases nod-

ded a silent assent and condoling recogni

tion; the young man said: "How d'ye?"

Then ensued a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business.

"Wall, I reckin' so, stranger."

"No-my wife."
"When did it happen?"

aum, 'cause she is the first one.'

"Jest as you say, stranger."

n it, also, I supposed

Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?"

Another silence. Once more the under-

aker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

Young man stared a moment, then, as light gradually broke in upon his perplex-

ed mind, he smiled a smile more suggest-ive of sorrow than happiness, and replied:

"About four o'clock this morning.

"About what do you want the cost of

"Don't care a durnation for expenses

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Silver-hended screws, too, I suppose?

"Y-a-a s, I s'spose so. An', stranger,

"Oh, of course; and you'll want a glass

"Y-a-a-s-oh, certainly-you bet. Git

her up sniptious, you know, old fellow.— None of your dratted one-horse fixins for

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?"

"Eh? What's that yer say, stranger-sil-ver han-dles? Oh, blame it, now, won'

stand silver screws, and sich, but there's

no use makin' the hull tarnation trap of

silver. The thing has to be moved, and

must have handles, but I ain't quite so

stuck up as thet now -not quite, stranger."
"Very well," acquiesced the man of ob-

sequies, "I'll put ordinary handles to it,

"Eggs-actly-them's 'em, mister; nov

yer talkin'. Or'nary handles 'll do. But,

I say, stranger" (reflectively), "make the rockers glisten like thunder."

"Yas, rockers. What's the matter with

"Rock-rock-rockers?"

yer, anyhow?"

thet be pilin' it on too hefty like?

nessed the success of his little trick.

Finally he hit upon a business trip to

"Coffint" shrieked the dejected-looking oung man "Coffin! Now, who the dicka said anything about coffins?"

How Atchison Husbands Play "Pedro." "Why, don't you want a coffin?" "No-o! blame your coffin! I want a cra-c-a trap to rock my new baby in." Mr. Gammon resides in South Atchi-"And isn't your wife dead?" son, and the partner of his bosom looks up to him as a model hurband. She is a

"Not by a jugici. Don't yer make cras-"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

voman of method and fixed habits, which ometimes puts Mr. G. to a vast amount "Undertaker of what?" of difficulty If the truth must be told, the husband is infatuated with "Pedro," "I make coffins."
"Oh, the dickens! Let me ketch the fel-

and his ingenuity is constantly devising schemes to enjoy the game without disturler that sent me here!" And the grick-stricken crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hand deep down in bing the even tenor of sweetly-tempered ways at home. The other day an old the pockets of his trouserloons, and pounfriend, Tom B, invited him to join a ced out on the streets searching for ven-plea-ant little card party that night. Our gennee. geance.

ANOTHER MUNCHAUSEN.

The Washington Correspondent of the Pittsburg Leader Tells a Sto-ry the Devil Himself Would Gag At.

Washington Letter to Pittsburg Leader. I was related a very interesting incident esterday, which has never been made public through any of the journals of the day. If at the time of its occurrence it had been published it would have furnished one of the sensations of the time. "Double-lead-ed" type and display head-lines would have been called into play to do honor to the importance of the news. This, then, is nothing more or less than the history of an attempted assessination of President

Grant. The attempt was so very near a success that had it not been for the pluck and personal bravery of one man, General Grant would long ago have been gathered to his fathers, and perhaps the third term question would never have come up The truth of the incident admits of no

question, and it is a great wonder to me how such a bit of news never became known at the time. However, circum-stances explain this in a measure.

The attempted assassination was made when Grant was a General of the army, a short time before he was elected President of the United States. At the time he oc-cupied the house lately used by General Sherman, on I street, between Second and "Yes, my love, better than I expected," Said he, softly.

"Glad to hear it. But," in a tone of ironical politicates. He neigh-

"Glad to hear it. But," in a tone of borhood of Massachusetts avenue and such hor, Mr. G?" "Well, yes, rather so, my love," said he, growing bolder. "And, by the way, how fortunate it is that you women are not required to bother yourselves with business affairs. It would be such a trouble to understand them."

business affairs. It would be such a trouble to understand them."

So saying he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and began whistling, in the hope of diverting attention from the subject. But she had the game well in hand and continued very freely:

"Yes, I suppose so. Ah me (with a deep sigh) there are so very very many things we cannot quite see through. For instance, the Evening Patriot says that on the night you went to Kansas City the midnight train up was an huor late (sud-

on the night you went to Kansas City the midnight train up was an huor late (audden stop of Mr. G.'s whistle,) and yet, my love, you got home only ten minutes after

The doctor cried out are you got home only ten minutes after

The man registed. "If The doctor cried out to the man, "What The man replied: "I am after that Yan

kee son of a ---! I am going to blow his Must have walked pretty fast, Mr. G.! Hurrying yourself that way will get you into trouble one of these days, Mr. G.!" The Doctor a cool-blooded man, who has seen four years during the late war, This reporter has not the hardness of said: "In order to shoot him, you will have heart necessary to depict the sorrowful to shoot me. Come, now, put up that

scene as the good man tried to clear him-self, and only plunged deeper and deeper self, and only plunged deeper and neeper every minute. Gammon thinks now that the news in papers is of rather too misceilaneous a character to be fully appreciated in an Alabamian. The war has robbed me of every cent I had in the world. I am of every cent I had in the world. going to get even with that man there, and then I don't care what becomes of

During this parley General Grant slipped out briskly, turning his head back now and then. The Doctor engaged the man until Grant was around the corner of I street. Then he went boldly up to the man, and quickly placing his right finger under his nose, throwing his head back, the athletic physician then "let in his left" as the sporting phrase goes, and the man tumbled to the ground. He also lost his revolver in the fall. The Doctor picked it up, and then said to the man: "It would be a good thing for you to get out of this town as soon as you can. It will

not be a good place for you after this."

The man at this ran away, and the doctor never saw him afterwards. The reattempt upon the life of General Grant.

There is no love like mother's love-no heart like a mother's heart. Her affections go out for her offspring; no matter where he may roam or what the circumstances in which she may be placed. An instance was seen yesterday when a mother entered the Central Station and found her child, who had been lost from home for several hours. She sprang wildly for-ward, eagerly caught him by the hair, and as she hauled him around she tender-ly exclaimed: "O! Bob Masters, I'll wallop you for this when we get home!

A New Hampshire school-teacher lately was questioning one of his class upon one foot and swinging the other foot and limb, he inquired how many bones he was moving. Several incorrect answers were given at first, but after it had been answered correctly the question was asked if any of the scholars thought differently. A little fellow, not yet in his teens, raised his hand immediately, signifying that he disagreed with his schoolmates, and the tea-cher, repeating the question: "How many bones was I moving?" was astonished to hear the little fellow increase the proper number by one, in the same breath giving as his reason? "You were moving your jambone, too."

A real hero is he who in the presence of danger conceals his fear, lest others, lecoming terror-stricken, might lose their senses. Such a man was tound in the person of a Roman Catholic priest in New York, who recently arged his large con-gregation to leave the church and enabled them to do so with absolute ignorance of the cause, and yet before they were tairly out flames broke forth under the altar where the priest had been standing.

A lady went into a corpet store recently, and, pointing out a carpet, asked the proprietor what it was. "Brussels," says the proprietor. "Brustles," quoti the la-dy, passing her hama over it. "Seems to

me the brustles don't stick up much)